A Full and True

ACCOUNT

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS

Relating to the

New Meeting-House, in *Redcross-street*;

PARTLY

In Answer to the false Account lately published by Mr. *John Dolman*.

By the PROPRIETOR thereof,
DORCAS MASTER.

Let them give Thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed and delivered from the Hand of the Enemy, Ps. cvii. 2.

Hold not thy Peace, O GOD of my Praise. For the Mouth of the Wicked, and the Mouth of the Deceitful, are opened against me: they have spoken against me with a lying Tongue, Psal. cix. 1, 2.

In TWO PARTS.

PART I.

LONDON:
Printed and sold by M. LEWIS, in *Paternoster-Row*.
M.DCC.LVIII.
[Price One Shilling.]

A Full and True

ACCOUNT

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS

Relating to the

New Meeting-House, in Redcross-Street:

BRITISH MUSEUM

In Answer to an Account late-
ly published by Jabez Oliveira:

By the PROPRIETOR thereof,
DORCAS MASTER.

In TWO PARTS.

PART I.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by M. Lewis, in Paternoster-Row.

MDCCLVIII.

[Price One Shilling.]

God be merciful to me a Sinner.

To the KING of Kings, and LORD of Lords; this is most humbly dedicated, in the prevailing NAME of *JESUS CHRIST.*

MOST great, most glorious GOD and Father, I, thy unworthy Child, do cast myself, and that which is yet unwritten with Pen and Ink, (but I trust is wrote in my Heart by thy Finger) low before the Throne of thy Grace, beseeching thy Mercy to for-

give; and that thy dear Son's Blood may wash away whatever Defilement it may receive by passing thro' my sinful Hand: Thou who hast seen in Secret, reward me openly. Thou knowest, O my GOD, that in order to promote thy Glory, and draw Souls to that Son of thy Love; who, when thou hadst lifted up, thou saidest, thou wouldest draw all Men unto: That I, moved by a Sense of his dying Love to me, yielded, in Opposition to the Cross I saw annexed to it, to build a Place where thy Truth, as it is in *Jesus*, might be preached: Thou standing by to defend it (according to thy sovereign good Will and Pleasure) in that Place, when *Satan* should be suffered to creep into the pompous Buildings and gaudy Congregations of the Learned and Rich of this World. Thou knowest the Conflicts, Night-

watchings

watchings and Prayers thou leddeſt me through, and wonderfully ſupportedſt me under, ere I yielded to take up this Croſs, which thou didſt call me to: And I thank thee that thou haſt honoured me with ſuch a remarkable Fellowſhip with the Son of thy Love, that *the Meeting in Redcroſs-ſtreet* has been ſuch a Crown of Thorns to me, and that thou haſt ſo heard the Prayer thou inſpiredſt, that the Door-poſt thereof might be ſprinkled with the Blood of the truly paſchal Lamb, that ſo the deſtroying Angel might paſs over it. Thanks be to thee, Father of Mercy, and God of all Grace, that thou acceepteſt me in the Beloved, (lookeſt to the ſincere Chriſtian Heart and godly Zeal for my dear Redeemer's Name and Love to Souls, in which I founded this Place, obedient to thy Will and Word) and forgiveſt the many Errors,

which

which, (leſt the Fleſh ſhould glory in thy Sight, when thou ſhalt give the promiſed Bleſſing) thou haſt ſuffered me, deluded by *Satan*, to fall into. I thank thee that when I, through Folly and Weakneſs, permitted that Houſe, which thou haſt called a Houſe of Prayer, to become a Den of Thieves; thy Spirit, bleſſed *Jeſus*, roſe up, zealous for thy Father's Glory, and over-turned the Table of the Money-Changers, and ſcourged them out. As thou, O *Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, has declared thyſelf to be the Way, the Truth, and the Life; I am perſuaded it is of thy Spirit, and not that of carnal Self-Vindication that I am led to publiſh what thou ſhalt pleaſe may follow, to confute the falſe Aſſertions lately publiſhed againſt me, in order to ſtrike at thee as the Way, leſt poor Sinners ſhould

aſſemble

assemble in this calumniated Place, (under whose now blessed Roof thou graciously hast called, and still permitest me to dwell) and be led, thro' a crucified *Jesus*, to their God and Father as returning Prodigals, and have the best Robe, even his glorious Righteousness, put on them; and feed on the true, living Bread, as thou shalt graciously grant it to be broken in this Place. The Holy Ghost, thro' such as thou shalt send, taking of the Things of *Jesus*, and applying them according to the Father's Will. O may the Dead hear thy Voice and live; and may the Word, for the future, delivered in this Place, be not the Word of Man, but the Word of the living God.

Lord God Almighty, defend me while writing the following Narration,

tion, from my own Spirit; let me not return Railing for Railing, but contrariwiſe, &c. And may thy Spirit of Wiſdom, Love and Truth, dwell in my Heart, and flow from my Pen. Shew me the Beam that is in my own Eye, that I may ſee clearer to pull out that which is in my Brother's Eye. Indeed, my God, I think, in regard of this Place, tho' there are Tongues ſhooting out their Arrows, even bitter Words, as if I had uſed ſeven Preachers of what they call the Goſpel ill; I may ſay, againſt thee only have I ſinned, and done this Evil, that thou mighteſt be clear and juſtify'd, when I am judged.

My Error has been, only treating theſe Crucifiers of my Character, who are the Objects of my Pity and my

my Prayer but too well, and casting my Pearls before those who have turn'd again and rent me: May every Reader join with me in Prayer, that thou, *Lord*, wilt give them the Spirit of Repentance, and pray for me, that wherein soever I have been, or may be out of thy Way, O *Lord*, I may obtain Mercy, and not content myself with a Faith of Assurance of a Heaven after Death; though for that who can be thankful enough, but lay aside whatsoever obstructs Communion with Thee, O blessed, holy *Lord*, whose Blood hath purchased our future Heaven, and whose Presence here will cause us to be of good chear, though in the Midst of great Tribulation, and render even a Dungeon a little Heaven upon Earth.

O thou Majesty of Heaven, thou King invisible; thou *Lord* of Hosts,

before whom Angels bow and veil their Faces, who took'ſt on thee for our Sake the Form of a Servant, and cameſt unto us meek and riding on an Aſs, and on a Colt the Fole of an Aſs, O do thou graciouſly receive this Offering into thy Hand, once pierced and nailed to a ſhameful Croſs for my Sake; ſprinkle it with thy Blood; ſend thy Bleſſing with it; cauſe it to be ſpread Abroad in ſuch wiſe as ſhall the moſt effectually tend to thy Glory and the Good of Souls; giving me Leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, though in myſelf the chief of Sinners, and moſt deſperate, and ungrateful of Rebels, yet in *Chriſt*, thy obedient, affectionate Child; and O make me thy true and loyal Subject, and faithful Servant to my Life's End, as the Sanctified Temple of the *Holy Ghoſt*.

HYMNS.

I.

Behold I ſend an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the Way, and to bring thee into the Place which I have prepared, Exod. xxiii. 20.

And a High-way ſhall be there, and a Way, and it ſhall be called the Way of Holineſs; the Unclean ſhall not paſs over it; but it ſhall be for thoſe: the way-faring Men, though Fools, ſhall not err therein, Iſa. xxxv. 8.

No Lion ſhall be there, nor any ravenous Beaſt ſhall go up thereon, it ſhall not be found there: but the Redeemed ſhall walk there, Iſa. xxxv. 8, 9.

1 IS he a Way? He leads to God:
The Path is drawn in Lines of Blood:
There would I walk, with Hope and Zeal,
Till I arrive at *Zion*'s Hill.

 2 Aſpire,

2 Aſpire, my Soul, to glorious Deeds,
The Captain of Salvation leads,
March on, nor fear to win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell obſtruct the Way.

3 Should Death, and Hell, and Pow'r unknown,
Put all their Forms of Miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe, for *Chriſt* diſplays
Salvation in more ſov'reign Ways.

Dr. WATTS.

II.

1 MY joyful Pen ſhall grateful own,
From *Watts*'s gentle Strains;
My harden'd Heart did firſt receive
That Senſe of *Jeſu*'s Pains.

2 That Senſe of thoſe moſt healing Stripes,
Which heal'd my wounded Soul;
Shall not I love the Hand apply'd
The Balm that made me whole?

3 Sweet Singer! now in Realms of Love,
I'd warble to thy Praiſe;
While thy Redeemer, likewiſe mine,
Shall ſmile upon my Lays.

4 Since

4 Since 'tis his Spirit which in thee
Did ſweet and gently ſhine,
Did touch my Heart, while bleſt I read
Thy Poetry divine:

5 May I unite thy Strains with mine,
And ſhare thy loving Spirit;
Extend my Love, have Fellowſhip
With all who claim Chriſt's Merit.

6 " Come Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
" With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
" Come ſhed abroad a Saviour's Love,
" And that ſhall kindle ours.

7 O may I love the *Lord*, my GOD,
With all my Heart and Strength;
And as myſelf my Neighbour love,
To this attain at length.

8 A Senſe that GOD has firſt lov'd me,
And giv'n himſelf to die,
Shall melt my Soul my GOD to love,
While *Watts*'s Song doth cry:

III.

1 " HARK! the Redeemer from on high
" Sweetly invites his Fav'rites nigh,
" From Caves of Darkneſs and of Doubt
" He gently ſpeaks and calls us out.

2 My Siſter and my Spouſe, he cries,
Bound to my Heart by various Ties,
Thy pow'rful Word my Heart detains
In ſtrong Delight and pleaſing Chains.

3 Dear Lord, our thankful Heart receives
The Hope thy Invitation gives;
To thee our joyful Lips ſhall raiſe
The Voice of Prayer and of Praiſe.

4 " I am my Love's, and he is mine!
" Our Hearts, our Hopes, our Paſſions join:
" Nor let a Motion, nor a Word,
" Nor Thought ariſe to grieve my *Lord*.

A Full and True

ACCOUNT, &c.

Chriſtian READER,

MAY the *Lord* give you to read this ſimple Narrative with Candour; and as I truſt he will give me impartially to relate, and gainſay, with an Eye to his Glory, without Reſpect of Perſons, coming forth in the Strength of the *Lord* GOD, and making mention of his Righteouſneſs only: So, I hope, you will not triumph over the Backſlidings of thy Brother Profeſſors; which, for the Goſpel-ſake, to warn others againſt the Rocks, on which I have been ſuffered to daſh; (tho' bleſſed be the GOD of my Salvation, have not ſplit).

I am

I am called on to display the many groſs Calumnies I have long with Silence laboured under, rather than ſpend Time in Self-vindication, which a Self-examination (where Man accuſed me not; but the *Lord* found my Heart back-ſliding from him) required me to employ inwardly. But a Book lately publiſhed, in which more People's Character than mine are beſpattered, is judged to make it my Chriſtian Duty to clear the Truth concerning myſelf: And as, I doubt not, he, who hath purchaſed me to himſelf with his precious Blood, and promiſed the Holy Spirit to them that aſk it, will grant me, by the Aſſiſtance of the Holy Ghoſt, to confute thoſe Falſhoods, which has given me to experience, according to our *Lord*'s Words, when Men ſay all Manner of Evil againſt us for his Name's ſake, to rejoice and be exceeding glad, great being our Reward in the Kingdom of Heaven: And thoſe ſweet Taſtings of our *Saviour*'s Love he has given me, when ſuch ſhocking Reports have been told me, as would make every good-natured Reader ſhudder, has made me happier than during the many Years, (till I took up my Croſs to follow a crucified Saviour) in which I had as an unblemiſhed

blemiſhed a Character as any Perſon, I believe, in *Europe*.

As it has pleaſed our *Lord*, ſorely againſt the Grain of my natural Diſpoſition, to cauſe me to become conſpicuous for his Name's Sake, as the Proprietor and Patroneſs of a Place of Worſhip, at a Time when *Satan* is ſo very buſy to undermine, by Cunning, as an Angel of Light; or by Force overthrow the Goſpel, by tearing the ſimple Profeſſor thereof as a roaring Lion. And as Mr. *Dolman* is not content with vilifying me by Name in Pulpits, but aſperſes me in Print, and alſo brings in the Name, which, next to that of *Jeſus Chriſt*, I think of with the greateſt Love and Honour, *viz.* that of my dear deceaſed Father, now in *Abraham*'s Boſom; whom I long to meet before the Throne of my heavenly Father; among thoſe who are come out of great Tribulation, having whited their Robes in the Blood of the Lamb. As he hath thought proper to acquaint his Reader, that I am the Daughter of Sir *Harcourt Maſter*, and, unchriſtian like, adds that I am a *baſe Woman*, I believe, I ſhall be led by the *Lord* to give ſome Account of his Dealings with me from my Childhood; which,

See Dolman

as my Character is become ſo canvaſs'd, and a Foreſight of being called to ſuffer ſtill more for the *Lord*'s ſake, before I follow him, thro' his Blood, to Glory, I hope, will not be thought impertinent; and what gives me to enter on it with Pleaſure, is, the Opportunity I ſhall have to ſpeak of that true paternal Care I received from him; of whom I may ſay, I am not worthy to be called his Child, falling ſo ſhort of that bleſſed Chriſtian Heart, with which our Lord had endued him.

At the Age of five or ſix, I think I can remember to be very deep in Thought concerning divine Things, and had Convictions ſoon after. I thought I had endangered my future State by falſifying my Word, to which I ſaid, Upon my Life and Soul; and had no Peace till my Uncle, a Clergyman, had uſed ſome Arguments to quiet my Mind. I found very ſeldom any Reliſh for the Sports of Children, and never was ſo happy as when I could ſit and hear ſerious elderly People talk; but nothing ſeemed to quicken me like the Talking of GOD. And I remember from about ten or twelve to love to hear it thunder, becauſe I thought it ſeemed to me like the Voice of GOD;

It was the Pleaſure of the *Lord* to try my Father, by taking from him one of the beſt of Wives, when I was not two Years old; but her Place was ſupplied to me as a Mother, by a ſecond Wife; to whoſe Memory I ſhould be ungrateful did not I ſay, ſhe was an excellent Chriſtian; and conſequently a very tender, good Mother-in-law: From her Example and Precept I learned to have favourable Thoughts of Religion. I took great Delight in Reading, and uſed to be rather more earneſt in Prayer than Children uſually are: But as I grew up, I began to have Doubts on reading the Bible, and thought ſome Things might be cleared up to me, if I conſulted a learned Divine; and was then ſo happy to be Pariſhioner to the late Dr. *Hay*, Miniſter of *Coleman-ſtreet*: But then I thought again, an Application to a Clergyman would give me a Character I dreaded, *viz.* a ſcrupulous, pious young Perſon, ſo ſtifled the Motion.

I was at Times very uneaſy, and ignorantly thought I had better nip my Convictions in the Bud, leſt I became to think every Thing a Sin; and if I ſhould gain the Character of Religious Madneſs, I could never retrieve it.

Character was then my Idol. (Thanks be to the true GOD, he has daſhed it in Pieces; and may it never be raiſed again to rival *Jeſus Chriſt.*) I ſtrove to pleaſe GOD and the World too for a Time, till I found it impoſſible on the Footing of Chriſtianity; and having ſome favourite Acquaintance, who deceived themſelves and me, paſſing for moral People, (and from the Light of darkened Nature, ſeeing themſelves not to ſtand in Need of a Redeemer) I wiſhed to ſee Religion in the Light they did, and be, as I thought they were, happy; which I always thought I could not be, unleſs I pleaſed GOD. The *Lord* gave me my Wiſh, and for about five Years, I think, I lived in a State of Infidelity, but found in myſelf a Love to the Perſon of *Jeſus Chriſt*; but thought him not the Son of GOD. When I addreſſed the Divine Being, I ceaſed to pray through the Mediator, though I made Uſe of the *Lord*'s Prayer, eſteeming it a good one.

During the Time I was in infidel Principles a Brother of mine (who was one of my favourite Deiſts) fell ill, and I helped to attend on him; he had been heard to ſay, if he was to be damned, he would be damned with a good Grace. The firſt Fortnight of his Illneſs

neſs he behaved with great Patience and Fortitude; but the following three Weeks expreſſed ſuch Terrors and Self-condemnation as was terrible to hear. About four Days before he died he roſe up in his Bed, after laying in a ſtill Way, and with ſuch a Countenance as ſhewed he had a View of the Son of God, which I want Words to deſcribe, looked up to Heaven, and cried out, *O* Lord Jeſus Chriſt, *my* Redeemer, *my* Saviour, *whom I never believed on till now!* He expreſſed no Uneaſineſs of Mind afterward, but languiſhed in a patient Way till taken to that dear *Redeemer*. I bleſs God, I heard him confeſs. I was touched to the Heart at his Words; but was unwilling my Infidelity ſhould be ſtaggered; not caring to leave the World to follow *Chriſt*: So thought I would not be ſo weak as to mind what a Man in a Fever ſaid, but ſtick to *Reaſon*; and the Religion of Nature delineated was become my Bible. Thus I went on fancying I acted conformable to Truth; thinking myſelf much better than People who became poor through their Idleneſs and Extravagance, being by Nature induſtrious and ſaving to a great Extream.

My

My Father's ill Health making him unfit to attend the Court of Aldermen, though his Zeal to ſerve his beloved King and Country in ſo doing will not appear to be ſmall, when it is known the diſaffected Party offered him 200*l. per Annum* for Life to lay down his Alderman's Gown, that they might chuſe one they had, I ſuppoſe, in View; and might, at that critical Juncture, be a caſting Vote: But I think with Pleaſure on his rejecting it; and, infirm as he was, chuſing to go without that Addition to his Fortune, which his ſcrupulous Honeſty in the Year 1720 had rendered, by no Means, a large one, that he might, if too ill to give a good, yet keep out a bad Vote.

His ill Health, and a Deſire to retrench, in order to ſave what might render his Daughters Lives more comfortable after his Death, induced him to leave *London*, the Ward he had lived in for many Years; and where his good Nature and Friendlineſs (in which he excelled almoſt any Character I have known, except his unparallell'd Friend Sir *Charles Wager*, whoſe Memory our Family cannot

ſpeak

ſpeak of with ſufficient Gratitude) rendered him beloved by all Parties.

One of my Mother's Siſters took one of my Siſters, and another took me; my Father parting with us from true Love, for our Advantage; though with, I believe, an inward Reluctance, my Heart bleeds to think of. Worldly Intereſt being ſo much my God, I checked my filial Tenderneſs, and built up my Self-Righteouſneſs another Story, thinking I had acted a heroic Part thus to tear myſelf from a Father amiable to People in general, and particularly fond and tender of me, in order to gain the Patronage of an Aunt eſteemed rich in extraordinary Endowments of Mind and worldly Goods. I lived with her three Years, where I was treated with the greateſt Civility, ſaw a great deal of fine Company, and became ſomewhat intimate with ſome of her learned and polite Acquaintance, whoſe favourite Topic was deiſtical Diſcourſe. This, together with the Library which was open to me, I thought, had ſo confirmed my deiſtical Principles, that, had not my God and *Saviour* reſtrained my Hand, I had wrote a deiſtical Creed, thinking to abide by it in caſe Chriſtianity ſhould attempt to get a Footing in

my

my Heart again; but the *Lord*'s Witneſs never let me be quite at Peace.

I remember long before this, when my Faith was ſtaggered by the many Arguments to reaſon and ridicule the Goſpel out of our Doors, uſed by my Brother's deiſtical Friend, and a certain Neighbour of ours, then in the Phyſical Way (and too wiſe to receive the Kingdom of GOD as a little Child) and what is very ſtrange, that he and ſome others, eſteemed Men of bright Parts, ſhould be ſo abſurd as to think an infinite Being could be found out by a finite Underſtanding, even had it not (as they deny) been confounded by the Fall of the firſt Man: That when my Brother's Friend, a Perſon of almoſt univerſal Genius, would good-naturedly give me ſome Inſtructions on the Spinnet, in which I ſhow'd my Want of Genius, I, from time to time, reſolved to take that Opportunity to aſk him in private what he thought of *Chriſt*, whether he thought him an Impoſtor, or Enthuſiaſt, or what conſiſtent Belief he had concerning him? As the Matter never was deeply talked on, but enough often dropped to make me very uneaſy; but my Fearfulneſs that he ſhould wonder that inſtead of the Mu-

ſic

ſic I ſhould have *Chriſt* at Heart, and think ing myſelf a Perſon of Importance enough to mind my future State, I forbore. I could wiſh now to aſk him that important Queſtion; for if the *Lord* has revealed himſelf to him, and he doth to others confeſs him to be the Son of God, and his dear *Lord* and *Saviour*, he is very barbarous in not informing me of it, who have ſuffered ſo much, leſt he denying our *Lord* before Men, our *Lord* ſhould deny him before his Father, and the holy Angels.

O my dear Chriſtian Reader, in the firſt Place give with me unfeigned Thanks and Praiſe, that the *Lord* has forgiven my Hardneſs of Heart; my many Checks of his *Holy Spirit*, which ended in Unbelief and Deſpair. And has ſo manifeſted himſelf to me, as my God, Father, *Saviour*, Brother, Friend and Bridegroom, who has waſhed me with his Blood, and honoured me with a Fellowſhip with himſelf, in his Reproach and Shame for God's ſake. I, from his Spirit, ſeeking not my own, but my heavenly Father's Glory; then, my dear Brethren, O pray ardently for this poor Soul, leſt he experience what it is to call on (as I have done) the Hills to fall on

and ſhield him from that Preſence, in which *alone* is the Fulneſs of Joy; but which is a Hell to a foul Soul, though, moral as he paſſes to be, his is, as well as mine, out of *Chriſt*. O may he experience the New-Birth, and, as he has borne the Image of the earthly Man, may he bear the Image of the heavenly, the *Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, and find that in him dwells all the Fulneſs of the Godhead bodily: And may the other Perſon hinted at, together with all other poor, blinded, ſelf-righteous Reaſoners, who are reaſoning themſelves out of eternal Life, through Faith and Union with the Son of God, have our Pity and Prayers.

But as I have broke ſomewhat the Thread of my Narration, (I hope, according to the Will of him, of whom, I truſt, my Hand is the Pen) to relate the above Paſſage. Leſt I cauſe thoſe, whoſe Hearts are full of a Senſe of redeeming Love, to hold their Breath of Praiſe too long, I ſhall, for their and my own Refreſhment, beg of our *Lord* to give a Hymn of Thanks to our dear *Saviour*, who has loved us and waſhed us in his own Blood: Then may he give me Recollection of what may tend to Chriſtian Edification, and his own Glory to relate.

A HYMN.

HOW ſacred, how holy I find is that Name!
Which oft my griev'd Ears hear proud Scoffers blaſpheme;
How happy when Melody ſweet in my Heart,
Cauſe my Numbers to flow and my Joy to impart.
Come, come, fellow Sinner, and join in my Song,
To *Jeſu*'s ſweet Praiſe, to whom Praiſe doth belong:
No longer vain Damſels let *Strephon* delude,
And fill up your Song your dear *Lord* to exclude.
'Tis *Jeſus* alone, our bleſt Lover divine,
Doth claim all our Praiſe; let his Name grace each Line.
O think it not dull to ſing *Jeſus Chriſt*'s Praiſe;
No, no, he alone giveth Life to our Lays:
Believe me, no Lover you'll ever find true,
Tho' you fancy in him you all Virtues do view;

Unleſs he's converted, and in him you ſee
The Grace of your Lover, who bled on the Tree;
There, there we behold him who dy'd for pure Love;
By Faith may we ſee him; and let the Sight move
To love our great Maker, who, holy Writ tells,
Is our Huſband, the *Lord*, who in Battle excells.
Let our Maker, our Huſband, *Lord of Hoſts* is his Name,
With a Love quite divine, our cleans'd Heart now inflame:
May we, rob'd with his Righteouſneſs, ſhine as his Bride,
On the Throne of his Juſtice, then ſit at his Side;
That Side from whence flow'd, when pierc'd on a vile Croſs,
The River which waſhes away all my Droſs.
Of Water and Spirit new-born I declare
The Throne of GOD's Love as his Will I do ſhare:
But he who redeem'd me from Sin, Hell, and Shame,
My *Jeſus* JEHOVAH doth all my Praiſe claim.

But

But to return to my being graciously restrained from my setting my Hand to a Hope of Salvation, setting aside my *Lord* and *Saviour*. (O did I but love and serve him better!) When shall I be made perfect in Love? (In thy due Time, O my GOD). Give me to wait and hunger after thee, O *Lord*; till I shall cry out with *David*, *My Soul is satisfied with Marrow and Fatness*; while my Mouth praises thee with joyful Lips, who hath so watched over me, when I was running from thee to Destruction.

I found, though I lov'd the World, a great Impression of GOD on my Mind, and was always afraid lest the Love of any Thing should make me forget my Creator; but the Thought of being a fine Lady pleased my poor vain Mind, and made me endeavour to find by Reason, to which, at that Time, I much adhered, that I might enjoy, what now I look on with Contempt, the foolish Vanity and Pomp of this World, and go to Heaven when I die. But one Day as I was ruminating, I thought it was not clear that the Supreme Being had not revealed himself to the rational Part of his Creation; and I longed to know him;

him; ſo finding in my Soul a Spirit of Prayer, and believing GOD had a Reſpect to the Deſires of pious Souls, I entered my Cloſet, and lifted up my Soul, or rather, I ſhould ſay, he graciouſly drew it up to himſelf in ardent Prayer, that he would inform me, if he had vouchſafed to give any external Revelation of himſelf to Mankind, and as there were many Pretences to a Religion come from GOD, that he would give me to diſtingiſh the true.

Soon (I believe in leſs than half a Year) my dear Father, being worſe than ordinary, he deſired my Aunt to ſpare me to him; I went down to *Tooting*, where he then lived. After I had been with him about ten Days, I had a Letter from my Siſter in Town, that as my Father had got as well as uſual, it would be better for me to come Home, which my Aunt told me kindly her Houſe was, or my Aunt would take it ill. My Father took kind my poor Attendance on him, though very unequal to what he deſerved from me. He ſeemed very unwilling to part with me, telling me, if I ſent Word to Town that he deſired me to ſtay longer, he ſhould be glad. I did ſo, and ſtayed a Week longer: At the Week's End he ſeemed very reluctant to part

part with me, though the Year before (for I was a Fortnight with him every Year I lived from him) he bid me take Care to go Home to my Aunt as ſoon as I thought ſhe wiſhed me ſo to do, and alſo take Care to gain her Favour by my good Behaviour. He found himſelf now near his End. And I am ſhocked to think I could leave him, old, infirm and good as he was; the Righteouſneſs, Mercy and Humility, and Love of *Jeſus Chriſt* dwelling in him in greater Fulneſs than I have ever obſerved in any of the Profeſſors among the many different Denominations in which now I have been acquainted with. But I thought my Aunt, who had loſt one of the beſt of Brothers, and her Spirits being not quite recovered, would miſs me, and take it ill if I ſtaid any longer: But, I fear, my ſinful Heart deceived me, which I find deceitful above all Things, and deſperately wicked, who can know it; and the Thought that it would mar my worldly Intereſt, and prevent my keeping my Coach before I died, which I thought my living with my Aunt might tend to, made me reaſon wrong, and think it my Duty to go. My Father ſtill pleaded for my ſtaying; and had not my Heart been hard as *Pharaoh*'s, he would have prevailed; hard

as

as it was, I so felt as made me almost sick with Struggle; but I yielded not to either Nature or Grace: For the World got the better, and I pleaded Duty as Gratitude to my Aunt for future Obligations, for maintaining me after he should be dead; and then said, 'I would tell my Aunt and Sister how he wished me to stay, and would come again;' to which he replied, 'Go, but I shall never see you again.' I went with a heavy Heart; and lest I should think, after his approaching Death, he had not forgiven me, he told me, when parting, 'he took kind my Behaviour while with him, and did not take it ill my Going. In this he was a fresh Type of my heavenly Father, who forgives me my Sins, and accepts me in the Beloved.

By the Return of the Coach I sent down, as desired, some Hyrapicra; which, he being more spent than we thought for, our Sin blinding our Eyes, proved too strong a Purge when towards the Bottom of the Bottle, and, I now bless the *Lord*, gave him an easier Passage than he might other Ways have had to the Kingdom of Love and Glory, purchased for him by the Blood of that *Saviour*, whom, I once heard him say, he would rather die than deny.

He

He expired like a Lamb about a Month after I ſo unchriſtianly left him. But my other Siſter (being wrote to to come down, by the only Daughter who lived with him out of five, and ſhe very infirm) was with him for a Fortnight, then left him to go to her Aunt. But by this Time my Father was ſo weaned from Things below, and his Affections ſo placed on Things above, that he ſuffered her to go. And with Pleaſure I reflect and relate, that ſhe told me he read Prayers a few Nights before ſhe left him in ſo extraordinary a Manner as ſhowed him to be very near that glorious GOD, but kind and tender Father he was addreſſing.

On reading the Letter to inform me of his Death, I found ſo great a Sympathy between his Nature and mine, that I felt his Death, and the Letter was like the letting off of a Gun, which ſhattered my whole Frame: But thought I muſt not give Way, but get the better, and go with the reſt of the Family to my Siſter, who lived with him; I being one of the Executrixes, it was neceſſary; and I pleaſed myſelf ſomewhat on getting the better of the Tenderneſs of Nature, when worldly Intereſt required, and look on it as righteous ſo to do. On coming down, and the Apo-

thecary ſaying the Purge was too ſtrong for him, and poor Sir *Harcourt* had only Mrs. *Betty Maſter* to attend him in his declining State, I thought my Soul would have broke through my Body before its Time to fly up to him, to tell him how I loved him, and what I ſuffered to think of my ſo neglecting him for a vain World, and ſeeking to be rich, and let him ſo retrench, who had given me and my Siſter in his Life the 500*l.* Providence had ſent him by a Lottery-Ticket, not very long before he went to that Heaven where he had laid up a great deal of Treaſure.

I apply'd to my Executorſhip; and partly through that Buſineſs diverting my Thoughts from the State of my Soul, and ſtill looking to be this fine, gay, great Lady I for a few Years had in View, I thought I had overcome my Grief for my Father's Death; when one Day as I was dreſſing my Head, my Father's kind Words came into my Mind, which cut me much deeper than had he upbraided me. My heavenly Father lifted up the Light of his Countenance upon me, and ſhewed my Nature to be ſo vile as ſhocked me, and that it muſt be from a very bad Tree could ſpring ſuch ungrateful Fruit, that my Miſtruſt of his

Providence

Providence to ſupply me with a Fortune ſuitable to the State he ſhould ſee proper to ſtation me in, or the Deſire of being in any State he would not bring me to, without my neglecting Duty in order to attain it, was a Sin immediately againſt him; and aggravated my Remorſe at the Recollection of not yielding to thoſe filial Relentings he cauſed to ſomewhat melt me. I ſtrove with this, and hoped my Aunt might ſee my Uneaſineſs in a right Light, as being only a Vapour, and would go out at her Requeſt to divert it: But alas! I found I was by Nature as vile in the Sight of GOD as the worſt Malefactor ever executed; it was but too true; I could delude myſelf no longer, and ſo told my Aunt ſhe did not know the vile Wretch ſhe harboured. She ſtill ſtrove to divert me; and an agreeable Neighbour, whom ſhe knew I liked, took us in her Coach to *Ranelagh*. My Horror there was increaſed by the Muſic and fooliſh Love-Songs; when I thought I ſhould be juſtly baniſhed from the Face of him only worthy Love. She then took me to Lady *Wager*'s; the Sight of that good Chriſtian ſhocked me. I thought my foul, murd'rous Soul ſet in my Countenance, and I believe indeed great Horror did appear. There I ſaw my late Father's Picture, which

I thought looked on me with an awful Grief. O, thought I, thou art looking on thy Daughter, whoſe Diſobedience cauſed thy Death. I felt in my Soul the Horror of a Parricide, and that to a loving Parent, thinking had I ſtaid with him, ſent to a Doctor, and he had had proper Cordials, inſtead of the rough Purge I ſent down, he had lived longer. On my Aunt's trying to comfort me by telling me I was an innocent young Woman, I replied, I was a Devil: And indeed I found the Devil rage in me. I thought I had took on me to face GOD in my own Merit; renounced Chriſt, whom I now knew to be the Son of GOD, and the Redeemer of all thoſe who caſt themſelves upon him for Salvation. O how I envied the Criminals going to be hanged that believed in Chriſt, and had not lent to their own Righteouſneſs. When Diverſion would not do, ſhe ſent to Mr. *Chandler* the Apothecary, knowing our Family juſtly eſteemed him; though he was not her Apothecary. In this, and through the whole of her Conduct to me, during this Week of ſtrong Conviction, ſhe was very kind: For indeed Mr. *Chandler*'s ſenſible, tender Way was always one of the Cordials I received from him: But alas! this would not heal nor chear

a wounded

a wounded Conſcience. I told him I ſuppoſed he would ſay I was mad, when I told him, I was as great a Sinner as any Body, (as I had not broke out into the common Phlippance too many have Cauſe to lament, nor drank hard, or the like) but that it was the Contrary of my being gone mad, for that I was come to my Senſes. A Delirium was broke off, in which I fancied myſelf better than others, and I now ſaw myſelf to be of a bad Nature. He ſent me a Purge, but that could not purge away Sin. I grew worſe and worſe, yet was ſo reſtrained in Company, which every Afternoon I ſtill ſaw as only to ſpeak by Looks that I was in Deſpair, but vented myſelf to my Aunt, and before the Servant; and in my own Room before two Maids, caſt myſelf on the Floor, begging the Ground to ſwallow me up, and ſcreen me from the Preſence of God. I gnaſhed my Teeth ſo ſtrong, that they were ſore for a Day or two after. I found the Light of the Sun of Righteouſneſs (which, bleſſed be God, I have ſince found ſweet to my Soul as waſhed in *Jeſu*'s Blood) intolerable to me, inflamed by ſpiritual Pride, and corrupted, ulcerated with worldly Deſires, and unable to bear the pure Light of God's Countenance, which was as painful to me as I have ſince

found

found the Light of the Sun to my natural Eye, which, from the ill Humours of my Body, was very near ulcerating. For the Miraculous Cure thereof, may the *Lord* make me truly grateful to my great Phyſician both of Soul and Body, and alſo to the two Inſtruments then employed, the eminent Surgeon and Apothecary who attended me. I hope the Reader will not think this an impertinent, or irreligious Digreſſion, but will ſpiritualize on it with me, and give me Leave to go on with it a little further. When the Care and Skill of theſe two eminent Perſons could not prevent my Eye coming to be like a Whitlow, and was expected to burſt; the *Lord* put one of them in Mind of a rotten Apple, which was the Means of ſtopping its corrupting one Grain more, and my loſing my Sight. So to cure my Soul of the Inflamation of Pride, and Love of Money, the two Sins which moſt eaſily beſet me, my great Phyſician has ſuffered a rotten Reputation to be applied, and ſome Cheats to have got at Part of my once dearly-beloved Money, and then pay me with Scandal: But when the Cure is effected, and my Sight cleared from thoſe Corruptions that prevent my ſeeing my own Vileneſs fully, and the *Lord*'s infinite Goodneſs more clearly, it

will

will be taken off by his gracious Hand, and I ſhall be refreſhed with the Water of the Roſe of *Sharon*, 'till ſtrengthened to behold his Luſtre as the Sun of Righteouſneſs in his full Glory.

When neither Pleaſure nor Phyſic would do, my Aunt gave it over (that which has ſince proved my Cure, not being thought of, the Blood and Righteouſneſs of the Son of GOD) as I deſired at the End of the Week, in which I firſt told her I was a Sinner, and thought the Devil would lead me to ſome enormous Crime: I knowing how long the Spirit of the *Lord* had ſtrove with me to make me take up my Croſs and follow *Chriſt*; and I ſtifled his bleſſed Motion, for Fear of being laughed at, 'till I thought myſelf given over to a reprobate Mind, and ſhould be the Devil's Agent; in which Terms I remember to have expreſſed myſelf. I don't wonder that ſhe was terrified at my Expreſſions. She deſired I would go down to my Aunt *Bainbrig*, my Father's only ſurviving Siſter, whom I mention by Name, becauſe her Memory calls for ſo grateful and honourable a Mention from me: I was to ſtay there 'till I had recovered my Spirits, as it was hoped I ſhould by her Converſation, which was very agreeable; for though ſhe was a Woman, ſhe therein often

ten displayed what is set forth in some burlesque Bills distributed about, in which Mr. *Dolman* is stiled *D. D.* and which I take this Opportunity to say, I had no Hand in; not thinking it the Part of a Christian to ridicule my Enemy, or spend my Time in meddling with them, any farther than Truth for the Glory of GOD, and the Good of Mankind requires. But I hope I shall not forget my Encomiums on my *good Samaritan* Aunt, who, when my rich Relations could not, for wise Reasons after worldly Wisdom, receive me, the poor Widow of a Country Parson took me in with Arms of Love: Indeed in her Conversation she appeared, though a Woman, (as a Note expresses Mr. *Dolman* to be in his late published Book) the Scholar, Critic, and Divine; but what is more to her Character, and I hope this will be as a Monument to her Memory, as well as her dear Brother's. Her displaying to me the merciful, tender, patient Heart of the *Lord Jesus Christ*. I stayed with her six Months, a dull, tiresome Companion indeed, during which Time she took every Method to cure or relieve my Disorder, whether arising from Soul or Body. She had some valuable Books from the most eminent Hands in the Church; they not touching me, she borrowed

borrowed others wrote by Diſſenters; but till the *Lord's* Time was come, all was in vain: my Tone remaining for two Years, I have no Hope; but a fearful looking for of Judgment indeed.

When my Father's Affair made it neceſſary I ſhould come to Town, I was ſent for in order to execute his Will, I being the healthieſt of the two he left ſo to do; I adminiſtred, as requeſted, alone. The Aunt I had left my Father for, a Month after his Decoaſe, civilly deſired me, for my Health's ſake, to leave her Houſe to go in the Country, and as civilly ſent me Word I ſhould never return to lay there again, although ſhe loved me, and always ſhould, but feared a Return of what ſhe called Hyſtericks; but I might come to dine with her, if I lodged in Town, every Day. I was accommodated, till I ſhould determine where to place myſelf, at the Houſe of my Brother-in-law, an excellent Huſband to a Siſter of mine, for whoſe Care of me, in my Youth, (I loſing my Mother young, and ſhe being ſeveral Years older than me) I hope I have not, nor ſhall be ungrateful. With his Aſſiſtance I executed my Truſt, though with a Weight on my Spirits, I would not go thro' again for 100,000*l.*

I was told I could not live with any of my Relations, becauſe I looked ſo dull; I knew not where to go, nor what to do; I ſeemed like a Vagabond on the Face of the Earth; my Fortune (about 1000*l.*) but ſmall for one looked on as the Daughter (but ſix Months ago) of a rich Aunt, who for herſelf and Niece kept three Maids and a Man; ſo I had been uſed to Attendance. I was now become ſo wretched in my Mind, that I was unfit for either Worlds; diſqualified to lodge or board with Strangers. Some Circumſtances in my Country Aunt's Affairs made it unfit I ſhould live conſtantly with her. My preſent Accommodation I thought too good for me, for I deſerved to be laid low in a Cellar; whereas there was no other Room for me but a Garret with a Cook-Maid I had never ſeen before in my Life: This raiſed my Self-indignation, thinking to what a State I had brought myſelf, from Eſteem and a happy Situation, by finding and owning myſelf a Sinner. I had no Peace Day nor Night; the Worm that never dies gnawed me ſo all Day, as eat the Fleſh of the natural Man, that my Bones ſtood ſtaring upon me, and hurt me as I laid on the Bed, (which indeed was not a

very

very ſoft one) when tired with Self-abhorrence and longing to forget my uneaſy Body and Soul by Sleep. The Image of *Chriſt* as my proffered *Saviour* on the Croſs bleeding for me with Countenance of Love, but rejected by me, always aroſe in my Mind, and occaſioned ſuch a poignant Grief, as cauſed me to cry out, O *Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, with ſuch Diſtreſs as made my Conviction public to my Bed-fellow, and the Footmen and Clerks, who lay with only a ſlight Partition to prevent their hearing me: This was grievous to my Diſpoſition, who had for ſo many Years dreaded the Character of extraordinary Piety, and would not go to Church on Week-Days, becauſe my Siſters did not like I ſhould be called more pious than they. My thus publiſhing, between Sleep and Awake, my deſpairing Piety, made me aſhamed to be ſeen in the Day. Thus I went on at my Brother-in-law's for three Months, till my two Aunts reſolved to live together; and the Aunt, whom I had looked upon as my Patroneſs, gave me 200*l.* The other Aunt did well by my Siſter, and told her, ſhe could not longer live with her, as ſhe was going to live with her Siſter.

Judge, Reader, if the *Lord* did not ſhow a Judgment, though in it he remembered Mercy, on the Children, who, for worldly Lucre, miſtruſting the Providence of their heavenly Father, that one in a Month, the other in about ſeven or eight Months after, ſhould be diſmiſſed the Roof of thoſe, for whoſe Favours and Maintenance they left an aged, and, as before ſet forth, good Father, who called for ſo much grateful, tender Care from them.

My Family muſt give me Leave to give this Diſplay of the Proceedings of Providence, ſince our heavenly Father calls me to do it, for the Glory of his Name. And may Children learn never to leave their Parents from a Miſtruſt of Providence, remarking how the *Lord* fruſtrated our worldly-minded Scheme; tho' he has given us to find, after many Days, the Bread my Father's liberal Hand had caſt on the Water, Legacies having been left us in a very providential Manner; which I mention leſt it ſhould be ſuſpected my enthuſiaſtical Alms, as they are called, ſhould be thought to be given out of what my Father had ſecreted in the *South-Sea*, which, though he was brought to ſee himſelf a Sinner in general,

I have

I have heard him ſay, He did not to the Value of Sixpence. And the ſweet Communion he had with the *Lord our Righteouſneſs*, who was numbered among the Tranſgreſſors, ſo ſweetened the bitter Effect of that Cataſtrophe to him, that he called a Room in a little Country Place, to which he retired, Paradiſe. I hope, my dear Chriſtian Reader, you will not think I run wide of our Mark, (which is our *Lord*'s Glory) in the Mention I make of my Father after the Fleſh, but he was your Brother in Spirit; and as his outward Man had been many Years popular for his King and Country ſake, and I having heard it ſaid the handſome Way in which his Poſterity lived, made thoſe, who knew not his ſcrupulous Honeſty, think he had made over ſome Part of his Eſtate, as did ſome of the Directors of that Scheme, which reduced my Father from very great Affluence and Splendor, in which he once lived, to have Fellowſhip with the Bridegroom of his Soul in his Poverty, and as a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with Grief. Indeed, my Chriſtian Reader, I grudge every Moment that diverts me from a more immediate Contemplation of him who has told me to call no Man on Earth my Father, which reminds me that the Holy Ghoſt was working

early,

early, to ſhew me my only Father in *Chriſt*; for I thought when a Child, that I would, when grown up, ſtill ſay Papa, being too apt to look to the Letter, which occaſioned me for ſome Years Soul Diſtreſs, and kept me from ſerving the *Lord* more in the Spirit, to make you Amends for what I addreſs: To ſuch as the *Lord* may lead to read the Above, who are not ſo ſpiritual as I hope many of my Readers are; and I wiſh to be, I hope the *Lord* will direct me to ſuch of Dr. *Watt*'s Hymns as will refreſh us.

1 NOW to the Power of God ſupreme
Be everlaſting Honour given;
He ſaves from Hell, we bleſs his Name,
He calls our wand'ring Feet to Heaven.

2 Not for our Duties or Deſerts,
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praiſe.

3 'Twas his own Purpoſe that begun
To reſcue Rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us Grace in *Chriſt* his Son,
Before he ſpread the ſtarry Sky.

4 *Jeſus*,

4 *Jeſus*, the *Lord*, appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's Counſel known;
Declares the great Tranſaction paſt,
And brings immortal Bleſſings down.

I hope a Hymn from a leſs eminent Hand will not diſpleaſe, ſince it ſounds of the fatherly Love of GOD.

1 NO Man upon Earth I have learnt now to call
My Father, ſince GOD to me fills All in All.
When in Father or Mother true Care we do find,
Our GOD's loving Spirit then governs their Mind.

2 In *Jeſus*, our heavenly Father we 'ſpy;
To him then our Praiſe we will lift up on high:
He feeds us, he cloathes us, he teacheth us too;
In each faithful Mind we our *Jeſus* muſt view.

3 Or ſoon they will falſe prove, return good with Ill:
The whole bleſt Creation our *Jeſus* doth fill:
More

More clear *Lord* make my Eye my dear
Saviour to ſee;
Who loveliest appears when ſeen bleeding for
me.

My Siſter had her Deſire, which was to be Miſtreſs of a little Houſe, and I to live with her. We took one next Door to our married Siſter, whoſe Huſband being a Wine-Merchant, and his Trade and Diſpoſition leading him into a great Deal of worldly Company, we naturally fell into it too, living ſo near. I dreaded ſeeing any of my old Friends, looking on myſelf as ſo fallen a Wretch ſince I left them. I contained myſelf as well as I could in the Company I viſited with; it ſeemed to me, when riding in a Coach, as if I was going to be hanged; and I dreaded the Coach ſtopping. When walking along, if I ſaw two People talk and laugh, I concluded they were laughing at me, as the moſt vile and contemptible Wretch in the World. Thus I went on for a Year and ten Months, from the *Lord*'s firſt ſhowing I was a compleat Sinner, when my Siſter told me a certain gay, rich Lady had invited her to her Country-Houſe, but ſhe would not go to leave me in Town alone; but wiſhed I would go to Aunt *B*——'s for a Month

a Month or two. I found ſome Good-nature working in me, though I thought I was in Bondage to Ill-nature, and might do Harm. I was unwilling to deprive my Siſter of her deſired Pleaſure, and yet unwilling to go to my Aunt to grieve her with my ſinful and wretched Looks and bemoaning Expreſſions; but at laſt agreed to go to *Elſtree* to my Aunt, who gladly received me. The Air and Walking made me healthy; and I had before this found my animal Spirits lively, which increaſed: But when my Soul endeavoured to go out after Chearfulneſs, the Devil pulled me back like a Boy his Bird in a String, and told me, I was his Slave, and ſhould be damned, which ſoon checked my Briſkneſs; but my Pain was not ſo hard as had been, and my Self-indignation was diverted by my Eyes being turned to GOD, as the Object of Love; towards whom I found a Love unſpeakable, and an Attraction, nothing but the Drawing of the Cords of almighty Love could occaſion. But alas! my Sins were ſuch a Bar, that I found no Union with the amiable Object of my Soul's Deſires. I had the *Lord* always before me, but at a great Diſtance. I found he loved me, and wiſhed my Happineſs; but his inviolable Juſtice forbid my Admittance to his Preſence,

without which my Soul could not reſt; for all the Heaven I ſeek above is but to ſee his Face.

I laid almoſt whole Nights weeping over myſelf, to think one, who loved the *Lord*, ſhould be for ever baniſhed from him; and be a Companion of Fiends and wicked Men, and ſhut out from the Society of the Spirits of juſt Men made perfect, whoſe Company on Earth I loved, notwithſtanding their Infirmities. But this was better than when I found Enmity againſt GOD, (which I am ſhocked to recollect) and thought I would tear him out of Heaven, if I could, and buffet him, and wiſhed I could mar all his beautiful Works, ſince I deſpaired of taſting his ſacred Love.

My keeneſt languiſhing after GOD was for about ſix Weeks, at the ſame Place, and with the ſame Aunt; whoſe Heart had been opened to receive me in my greateſt Terrors, about two Years before. She continued to be very kind to me. I read much; and had no Peace but when ſo doing. And one Evening as I was reading one of Dr. *Young*'s Night-Thoughts aloud, my Aunt wept, ſaying, You read this very pathetically. I thought I well might, ſince

ſince it was a Deſcription of the Horror my infidel Soul muſt feel, when brought before my rejected once crucified *Saviour*; now my Judge, who bled for me, and I had trampled under Foot, and had counted the Blood of the Covenant an unholy Thing, the Thoughts of which worked my Deſpair up to ſo acute a Height as I cannot deſcribe. The next Day, as I was reading a poetical Book of Dr. *Watts*'s, I paſt from Death unto Life; the Kingdom of Heaven was let down into my Soul, with a Senſe that the Blood of *Chriſt* had waſhed me clean, and rendered me meet for an Inheritance with the Saints in Light. My Chains fell off; I felt a Liberty to pray; I laid down my Book, left my Aunt's Room, fell down on my Knees in my own Chamber, when my Soul ſoared up to him who had firſt viſited me, and ſaid, *Daughter, be of good Chear; thy Sins are forgiven thee.* I then felt for the firſt Time what it was effectually to pray in *Chriſt*'s Name. Think, my Chriſtian Reader, what my Soul felt, when taken from a Foretaſte of Hell, and Dread of an Increaſe of it to all Eternity, to a Foretaſte of Heaven, and an Aſſurance of my Name being wrote in the *Lamb*'s Book of Life: And neither the Devil, nor my wicked carnal Mind, could tear it out, or deſtroy

the

the new Creature born of God. But here let me pauſe, and leave the affectionate Chriſtian to rejoice with the Angels *in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine juſt Perſons, who need no Repentance.*

I then longed to ſhew forth my God and *Saviour*'s Praiſe; not only with my Lips, but in my Life, by giving up myſelf to his Service: But I kept all theſe Things, and pondered them in my Heart; thinking the Tranſition too great and inſtantaneous for my Aunt to believe: But my Looks beſpoke my Happineſs. I longed to ſhew myſelf to the Prieſt, and declare what the *Lord* had done for my Soul. Therefore I told my Aunt, I had a Call to *London*, as my Siſter *S*—— expected ſoon to lie in, I wiſhed to be with her. My Aunt was unwilling to part with me. But however in a Day or two I came to Town, got out of the Stage in *Holbourn*, weeping Tears of grateful Joy, and begging the *Lord* to be my Shepherd for the future; and not to ſuffer me to wander out of his Paths: I alſo prayed that he would, if it tended to his Glory, lead me to Dr. *Hay*, the moſt pious Clergyman I then knew. The ſame bleſſed Man, whom, when I was under the Law, I thought

I ought

I ought to go to, but had no Power ſo to do. My Intent now was to tell, that Salvation was come to my Houſe; and I found a Deſire, if I owed any Man any Thing, to reſtore him four-fold. The *Lord* turned me down to *Coleman-ſtreet*, inſtead of my Home in *Martin's-Lane*. I found the Doctor at Home, whom I had not ſeen for five Years; I told him, I waited on him to relate to him ſome Things of Importance; and informed him of my paſt Deſpair, and that I had received Mercy. A Perſon coming into the Room, I told him, I would wait on him again; which he approved of. When I went Home, my Siſter rejoiced to ſee me look ſo chearful. But when (inſtead of ſinging Songs) I told them I had been to Dr. *Hay*; the Anſwer was, What will you expoſe your Family, by going to a Parſon? I ſet up all Night to pray, meditate, and ſearch the Scripture; for I had much Time to redeem. The *Lord* graciouſly led me to a confirming Word: *Let them give Thanks, whom the Lord hath redeemed and delivered from the Hand of the Enemy*, Pſ. cvii. 2. I wrote down my Experience, ſhewed it the Doctor, and he approved of it. I told him I ſhould be glad to receive the *Lord*'s Supper, if he thought I was in a ſerious, pious Frame.

He

He ſaid, The ſooner the better. I told him, There would not be a Sacrament for three Weeks at the Church to which I belonged. Come then, ſaid he, to *Coleman-ſtreet*; we we have one every *Sunday*. His Invitation was very comfortable; I felt it was from the *Lord*. Accordingly I went with a joyful Heart; took a low Pew in a Church we had for many Years a large Family Pew in; but the new Sexton did not know me; and I did not Care if I had ſet in the Iſle, if I could but feed on *Jeſus Chriſt*. But one of the Neighbours told the Sexton to put me into a higher Pew, which was ſo far pleaſant that it made me recollect our *Lord*'s Word, and I thought it was from him I was bid to walk up higher. I thought on ſo critical an Occaſion I would give half a Guinea to the Poor of the Pariſh; but fearing the Look of Oſtentation, did not care to put it into the Baſon, ſo begged Dr. *Hay* to give it to the Poor for me. He ſaid What I gave I ſhould put it into the Baſon.

I went in the Intrim to ſell ſome of my vain Trinkets, wiſhing no longer to be adorned with Gold or Pearl, *&c.* but with a meek and lowly Spirit: While I was at the Goldſmith's Shop I ſaw a little Piece of Gold, on which

which was ſtamped *Michael* with his Spear in the Dragon's Mouth, ſinking him to Hell; I thought it ſuitable, as the *Lord* had conquered him in my Soul, that I bought it to give when I ſhould be admitted to the Supper of the ſlaughtered *Lamb*, the Captain of my Salvation, who had ſpoiled Principalities and Powers, led Captivity Captive, and received Gifts for Men, even the Rebellious, that the *Lord* GOD might dwell among them. The Enemy, I found, no longer moleſted my Soul: But I thought he was ſuffered to attack my Body in the Church, to try to prevent my eating the *Lord*'s Supper. My Face grew convulſed, which it had never been before; my Pew-Fellow took Notice of it, and aſked me to go out. But what is remarkable I was free from Convulſions when at Prayer; but not when ſtanding up to ſay the Hymns, which made it more obſerved, which daunted me: But I begged it would pleaſe our *Lord* to ſtrengthen me, that I might not quit the Church till I eat and drank in Remembrance of his Body broken, and Blood ſhed for me. My Head was pulled ſo ſtrong, that I was obliged to hold it againſt the top of the Pew, to prevent it twiſting almoſt round. I had a Faith, if I held out till I had received, it would ceaſe,

and

and, bleſſed be GOD, it did ſo, and I had a ſweet inward and outward Calm, and felt that Peace our *Lord* gives, which the World knows not of: After this I was eaſy as to my own Soul. I then thought of my Neighbours, who were ſomewhat inſtrumental to lead me into ſelf-righteous and deiſtical Principles, though not ſo profane Talkers as many, but they did not own *Chriſt* as a *Redeemer*. I felt for their Souls; I knowing the Pangs of the New-Birth occaſion a Diſtreſs which made ignorant People think thoſe under it phrenſical, I prayed the *Lord*, if they could receive the Benefit equally, that I might bear it for them, leſt as they were public Perſons, it might detriment their worldly Intereſt. I put up a Bill for the Converſion of an Infidel, which not being read, but the Lamentation of a great Sinner ſung, my Convulſion returned, and I feared their Caſe was too bad to be prayed for. I did not like to go Home, not liking my Uneaſineſs ſhould be known; ſo going through *Lombard-ſtreet*, found a Church open, went in, and the Text was, *I have learnt, in whatſoever State I am, therewith to be content*. I left them to the *Lord*, but ſtill felt as if I had the Burden of their Sins on me. Going down *Martins Lane*, a grave, well-looking Man paſs'd by me, and

ſaid

ſaid *God bleſs you, Madam*; it ſeem'd like an Angel of the *Lord* to comfort me: I went into a Chamber and prayed more earneſtly for their Souls than I can do when I will, and the *Holy Ghoſt* made Interceſſion for them, and I found Relief; and on putting up a Bill at *Salters-Hall*, Mr. *Read*, with great Ardor (the *Lord* reward him) prayed earneſtly, that this ſpiritual mad Perſon, ſo mad as to be an Infidel, might be heal'd; ſince that Time I have been eaſy, and do, bleſſed be GOD, firmly believe that they will be converted, take up their Croſs and follow *Chriſt*. And what I hope ſhewed me to have received our *Saviour*'s Spirit, is, I look on this particular Perſon as having run the Soldier's Spear into the Side of the innocent *Jeſus* through my Heart. Father forgive them, for they knew not what they did: this was eleven Years ago, and, bleſſed be GOD, I do not repent my taking up my Croſs to follow *Chriſt*, one Moment's Communion making amends for all my Shame and worldly Sorrows which have attended it.

A HYMN.

IF I would in future Story
Be recorded with true Glory,
On my Tomb may this be writ,
Not that I was call'd a Wit;
Not that I had Beauty bright,
Delicate my Red and White;
Not that I could touch the Lyre,
While all liſten'd to admire;
Or that I could ſing and dance,
Or in Science made Advance
Beyond others who excell'd;
Or that I had Armies quell'd;
Not that I could trace my Blood
From Anceſtors great and good;
Or that my extended Land
Gave to me a Lord's Command:
No, no, no, but be it ſaid
When in ſilent Tomb I'm laid,
That my *Jeſus*, lowly, meek,
Who did come, the Loſt to ſeek,
Quite benevolent to all,
Gracious deign'd my Soul to call,

" Leave,

« Leave, leave all and follow me,
« For my Sake deſpiſed be."
Thanks, dear *Lord*, that, thro' thy Love,
This my Anſwer ſtill doth prove,
Since the Father draweth me,
I'll leave all to follow Thee!
Still my Glory this won't prove,
Man is bleſt alone by Love.
Will to follow once I'd none,
Nor e'en Faith thy Gifts would own:
Then my Verſe ſhall this proclaim,
Man deſerveth nought but Shame.
Unto GOD, and GOD alone,
And the *Lamb* upon the Throne,
Be all Praiſe and Glory giv'n,
Throughout Earth, and throughout Heav'n!
To the glorious *Trinity*,
Who agree in Unity;
Father, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*,
Shout loud Praiſe, ye heav'nly Hoſt.
Men redeem'd! ſhout Praiſe to GOD,
Sing you're ranſom'd by *Chriſt*'s Blood.
Hallelujah join to ſing,
All who read my grateful Hymn:
Sing your great Creator's Praiſe,
View his Works with ſweet Amaze.
Sun, and Moon, and Stars proclaim
Glory to his wond'rous Name:

Verdant Lawns, and ſtately Mountains,
Flowing Streams, and bubbling Fountains,
Speak the Glory of his Name;
Bleat his Praiſe each grateful Lamb.
Stately Steed, join with your Lord,
Jeſu's Praiſes to record.
Birds melodious, grateful Lark,
Let our Souls unto thee hark:
As you ſoar you Glory ſing,
Warbling your inſpired Hymn
Unto your CREATOR bleſt,
From your Love-inflamed Breaſt.
The new riſen Butterfly,
On your Wings bear Praiſes high,
All your beauteous Colour ſhows
Arguments confound GOD's Foes;
Infidels you will confute,
Tho' to carnal Ears you're mute;
For New-birth you argue well,
Riſen from your crawling Cell;
Diff'rent Life, and diff'rent Pow'rs,
Your New-birth doth ſet forth ours.
Crawling Worm of Earth am I,
Kept impriſon'd from the Sky:
Chains of Sin my Wings keep down,
In my mean and ſcanty Home:
Thanks your Walls are Walls of Clay,
Haſten, haſten to decay;

Set my Soul at Liberty,
That I ſoar up to the Sky,
Singing as I do aſcend,
(Glad Aſſiſtance Angels lend)
Glory, Glory, Glory be
To my God in Perſons Three.
Great Creator, *Saviour*, kind,
Whoſe Bands did my Soul unbind;
Whoſe Death gave me Life anew;
Thee I find the God moſt true.
Loudeſt, ſweeteſt may I ſing
Of thy Works thy Praiſe, my King.
Angels warble I'm the Bride
Of God's Son born from his Side.
In his Righteouſneſs array'd,
God to ſee I'm not afraid.

Bleſſed be God, I enjoyed Health of Body, and Peace of Mind, and ſweet Communion with God as my Father and Redeemer, and was led to a diligent Search of the Scriptures, and much Watching and Prayer, waiting for, and, bleſſed be God, found large Incomes of his Holy Spirit. My Alteration was obſerved, and a Neighbour and his Wife taking Notice how chearful I looked, the Reverſe of what ſhe had ſeen me do for two Years, ſaid, (not thinking it really true. I wiſh he had that

bleſſed

bleſſed Faith) My Dear, have you not heard of the New-Birth? I had had but one Acquaintance that knew it by Experience, or held it by Doctrine; and to her Memory I ought, for the Glory of GOD, to ſpeak ſomething: She was the Siſter of Mr. *Standert*, my Brother-in-law. During my Convictions ſhe ſeemed not to give me over, in ſo doing I thought ſhe was a very fooliſh Perſon. I wrote her Word of what had paſt in my Soul; on which ſhe came from *Hackney* to congratulate me, and we walked lovingly together, as long as ſhe lived, which was ſome Years. She had, after great Terror, received a Faith of Aſſurance, and bore a lingering Illneſs with exemplary Patience and Piety. I often went to ſee her, and ſhe always led me to talk of Death, on which ſhe ſmiled the more, the nearer ſhe ſaw it. Her Illneſs was partly dropſical, which occaſioned ſuch a Drought, that ſhe told me ſhe longed to drink Rivers; but, ſaith ſhe, what a glorious Thirſt was that *David* had, when he ſaid, *As the Hart panteth after the Water-Brook, ſo panteth my Soul after thee, O GOD.* And that Thirſt, ſays ſhe, I doubt not, I ſhall have ſatisfied. She left me a ſweet Legacy, the Acquaintance of her Neighbours and Friends Miſs *Chambers*'s

Chambers's at *Hackney*, from whose Converſation and Chriſtian Letters I was both refreſhed and edified. Thus the *Lord* took Care of me. I continued to communicate at my Pariſh Church (though not with my Pariſh Prieſt); for, during the three Years I lived in *Martins-lane*, I never ſaw him in the Church. I wiſh all Churches were as well ſupplied with Curates, Mr. *Willſon* (now in Glory I doubt not) being our Curate. I was happy in his Acquaintance and Friendſhip, and that of his Wife and Daughter. I opened myſelf to him, and told him, I often went to hear the Diſſenters. He was too good a Chriſtian to be offended at it.

I was ſo enamoured with the Perſon of *Chriſt*, and had ſuch a lively Senſe of his dying Love on my Heart, that every Thing was harſh, that ſounded not of *Chriſt*. I longed for the Society of ſuch as were cloathed with the Sun of Righteouſneſs, and had the Moon under their Feet. Would I was equally alive to *Chriſt* now, and dead to my Corruptions; but, bleſſed be GOD, I am what I am, that he has heard my Prayer, and not ſuffered me to turn back again to the World; a Thing I dreaded more than all the ſore Conflicts I have

gone

gone through ſince I have taſted that the *Lord* is gracious.

I became acquainted with a Gentlewoman who went to the *Moravian* Chapel:

A Sect, (I hear'd) who, like the Bleſt Above,
Did nothing here but ſweetly ſing and love.

I thought they would ſuit my preſent Frame, and hoped indeed always to hold the ſame; but find they, who ſay at Converſion they enter once for all into the Land of *Canaan*, and have the Bridegroom always with them, are in a Deluſion. I went for two Years on *Lord*'s Day Afternoon to hear Mr. *Gambold* at *Fetter-lane*; who, I believe, loves *Chriſt* in Sincerity and Truth. Their Singing was very ſweet to me; and many of their Hymns I thought ſcriptural. But a Book they publiſhed, when they fancied themſelves deeper in the Goſpel, I thought treated of *Chriſt*'s Wounds in a very unſpiritual Way; and many Expreſſions, I am perſuaded, offended him. I had heard that ſomething of their moral Conduct had brought a Reproach on the Goſpel. And though I was, and ſtill am, happy in the Acquaintance of ſome of them, who, in their

Lives

Lives adorn the Doctrine of God our *Saviour*. I was convinced *Satan* was crept into them, who ruled the Roaſt among them; and their ſo great Neglect in their Preaching to mention the fatherly and divine Nature of *Chriſt*, ſtumbled me. I thought, to avoid the ſad Extream too many were got into, to neglect or diſbelieve the Incarnation of God, they kept their Eye on the viſible ſlaughtered Man, which gave not that ſpiritual Idea of his Blood, which alone is Drink to us. Our *Lord* ſays, *The Fleſh, nor the Blood flowing from it, profiteth nothing*. I thought it my Duty to refrain from their public Worſhip. The Church in general was very flat to me; and I found no outward Teaching to tally with the inward the *Lord* bleſſed me with, till I heard Mr. *James Relly*, who, however it may ſtagger ſome of my Chriſtian Readers, notwithſtanding *Satan* has ſpoke through him in the Pulpit, and led him to tell many Lies of me, I do believe he is a Child of God, I think, led Captive by the Devil. May the *Lord Jeſus Chriſt* caſt him out; and may I ſet down with him at the Marriage-Supper of the *Lamb*, having whited our Robes in his Blood. I have ſeen *Chriſt* in him, and I thank God, that I heard him; and that I am now writing this

in a Place of Worſhip, my Zeal for the bleſſed Truths he once preached, led me out to build; and that the *Lord* opened my Eyes in due Time to ſee him turned *Antinomian*, both in Doctrine and Practice; and that he ſtrengthened me to withſtand Mr. *Relly*'s Adherent's Coakſings and Threats; and prohibit his preaching or living in the *New Meeting* in *Redcroſs-ſtreet*, till he took Home his Wife, and gave Proof he ſaw and turned from his Errors in Doctrine. The ſame Gentlewoman, who ſooner ſaw Evil than I, (being a cunning Woman; though I have thought I have now and then ſeen her in Chriſtian Simplicity, and had ſome ſweet Opportunities with her, ſhe having a juſt Senſe of the *Lord*'s having firſt loved us in *Chriſt*; but we differed as to his moving us to love him again): The ſame Gentlewoman, who led me to the *Moravians*, (at my Requeſt indeed) and ſaw into what ſhe thought wrong among them, and informed me of it; told me her Maid, who I believe to be a Chriſtian, had found out one *Relly*, who was come off from the *Tabernacle*, as deeper taught than they (the Soundneſs of Mr. *Whitfield*'s Doctrine, I believe, no true Chriſtian doubts, as far as they think he goes). But Mr. *Relly* had a great Light once to

be

be ſure *(If the Light in us is Darkneſs, how great is that Darkneſs?)* and that his Life and Heart was like a primitive Chriſtian. Thus was this acute Woman for a while deceived: But as I believe ſhe has the Elect in her, he could not deceive *that* when it awoke. And the *Lord* knows it ſleeps in us all ſome Times; I am ſure it has been very drouſy, and ſo quite aſleep in me of late, that my carnal Underſtanding taking Place, I have been much deceived; but the *Lord*'s Sheep in me has heard his Voice, which has told me I was encompaſſed (excepting by the Chriſtian-hearted Women where I lodged, Mrs. *Ozend* and her Siſter, of whom I wiſh to make farther mention to their Advantage) by Wolves in Sheep's Cloathing, ſeeking to devour me; ſome through Folly, others Craft and Cruelty; but my inward Witneſs, that all would work for Good, and the ſpecial Promiſe I had from the Lord concerning the *Meeting-Houſe* he ſent me to build, ſupported me during the Storm, he alſo gave me a Foreſight of before his Wiſdom, Goodneſs, and Power ſhould bring it to the Haven where he would have it to be. And though it is a little out of Courſe, I ought to thank him that he has ſent Mr. *Glover*, who, I believe, the Lord will e-

ſtabliſh here as the Paſtor of the Place, endowed with his Holy Spirit, and qualified to exerciſe ſo important a Truſt as the Care of Souls. Mr. *Gibſon* (who, during the Lord's Pleaſure, will preach here to aſſiſt Mr. *Glover*, as he offered to do for *Chriſt*'s ſake) I ought to ſpeak of as a ſweet Chriſtian, and a Man who may be very uſeful in his Way.

But before I return to Mr. *Relly*, whom I hope I ſhall meet waſh'd in the *Lamb*'s Blood, and ſanctified by the Renewal of his *Holy Spirit*, in his heavenly Kingdom, I muſt take my Leave of the Reader, till, with the *Lord*'s Aſſiſtance, I publiſh the ſecond Part of what I ſhall make no Apology concerning, to obviate any Cenſure may be caſt on it, as publiſhing what paſt between God and my Soul, and any other Circumſtances, which, did not the Glory of God, as a God of Truth, Righteouſneſs, and Love require it, would be deſerving of Cenſure, or impertinent to relate; and any one who knew me from young to be remarkably reſerved, and ſo given to Baſhfulneſs, that (although much encouraged) could but rarely ſpeak before my moſt intimate Family Friends, will think it muſt be hurtful to my Nature thus to uncloak myſelf; I am convinced

vinced it is the Will of that God who hath purchaſed me to himſelf with the Blood of his Son, and he will make his Children obedient ſoon or late; the *Lord* has been long bringing me to this; but bleſſed be his Name, all Temptations are over, and the Refractorineſs of my Nature ſubdued in this Particular. *Lord Jeſus Chriſt* ſubdue it in every Particular, and make me compleatly thy willing Servant, as well as affectionate Child: I am comforted to think that the Relation of my Chriſtian Experience will not only tend to the Glory of that God whoſe Plan of Salvation was to me a Stumbling-block, and Fooliſhneſs; and I have not only the inward Witneſs, that it pleaſes my heavenly Father, but the outward Witneſs, that it is judged by his dear Children likely to tend to the Good of *Chriſt*'s Church, which is ſo very precious to him. May my Neighbours, whom, when in our dear *Redeemer*'s Spirit, I love as myſelf, take Warning by my Harms; and *Chriſt*'s Lambs and Doves eſcape thoſe Wolves and Vultures, who have ſomewhat tore, though, bleſſed be the God by whom I have eſcaped Death, not devoured me; and it will make me great amends, and help heal my Wounds, and be in ſome Meaſure the Oil and Wine of my good *Samaritan*, to whoſe

Name

Name be all Praiſe and godly Love. Haſten the Time, moſt gracious *Lord* and *Saviour*, when all Controverſies, all Fending and Proving will ceaſe, and our Hearts will be full of uninterrupted Praiſe.

POSTCRIPT.

AS Mr. *Dolman* has ſtruck at the Character of an eminent Lawyer in this City, always ready to help thoſe to Right who ſuffer Wrong, who, the Lord, I truſt, led to interfere in my Behalf, I think I ſhould not prove that I love my Neighbour as myſelf if I delayed to the ſecond Volume, to inform the Reader, that what he ſays in regard of my Attorney's extorting from him the general Releaſe, which he gave me, is ſo far from true, that had not he pleaded with me, in Mr. *Dolman*'s Behalf, out of Compaſſion to him, as the Poor Man he told Mr. *P———n* he was, I had not given him a Farthing, whereas I paid him according to the Propoſal I made him of fifteen Pounds a Year while he ſhould preach the Goſpel, and prove true to *Chriſt*. As he had begun the ſecond Quarter, by being in the Meeting four Months, I paid him through Mr.

P———n's

P———n's Hand, (who, if he alters and proves revengeful and litigious, may ruin Mr. *Dolman* for his Aſperſion of him) what made up with what I had advanced Mr. *Dolman* after he had injured my Character, half a Year's Subſcription.

As Mr. *Dolman* has read a Letter of mine from *Portſmouth*, which was ſent to him when he preached in the Meeting, and has ſo artfully cut out Paſſages which makes the Letter give People quite a wrong Idea of the general Meaning of it, I believe the Lord will lead me to publiſh the whole Letter: And if, when I ſhall have candidly related my Treatment of *Dolman*, it can be proved I owe him any Thing but ruining him, may I reſtore him fourfold; but if, as I think is the Caſe, he deſerves, that I put him in the Commons, what he threatned a worthy Preacher of the Goſpel with, may the Lord give me the Grace to forbear, and melt him down by a Chriſtian Forgiveneſs.

As I would rather leave the Reader with an Idea of our bleſſed Lord and *Saviour* in their Mind, than either Mr. *Dolman* or myſelf, I will, in the firſt Place, beg their Chriſtian

Prayers,

Prayers, that the Spirit of our Lord *Jesus Christ* may be with me, as the Spirit of Truth, to lead me into all Truth; and also as a Comforter to comfort me while relating Passages (grievous to Flesh and Blood) in the ensuing Part. And then with our dear Brother *Cennick*, now in Glory:

I'll tell to all poor Sinners round,
What a dear *Saviour* I have found;
I'll point to the redeeming Blood,
And say, *Behold the Way to GOD!*

End of the First Part.